MUUTATAACHI

A STARS MOONS SUNS BOOK



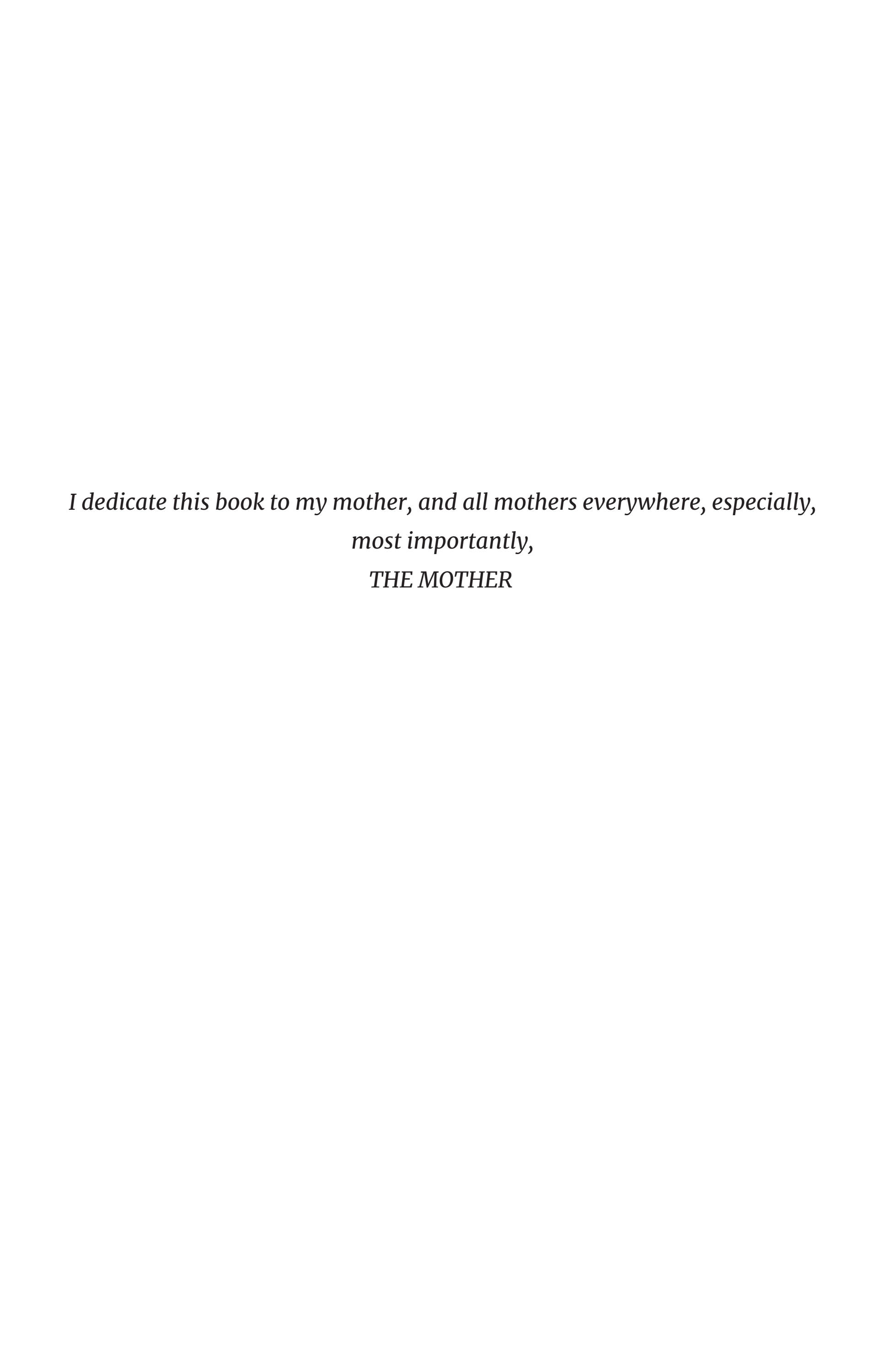
STARS MOONS SUNS

MUUTATAACHI

First edition

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I dedicate this book to my mother, and all mothers everywhere, especially,
most importantly,
THE MOTHER

The Beginning

On a beautiful day, several thousand years ago, Sister and Brother ventured out to play on a sacred mountain. Their main tribal lodge was near the peak- and within a Spruce/Fir/Lodgepole Pine dominant forest. The air was rich with a complex scent-a luxuriant blend of the terpene profile from the different trees. The siblings enjoyed spending time together, especially on this trail that led them from their main tribal lodge to the springs of the foothills below. As they walked, Sister and Brother would sometimes stop, and observe a new wonder of nature. When one would stop, the other would stop and notice, too. As Sister and Brother walked down the trail to the springs, gradually the mountain forest transitioned to predominately Loblolly Pines with blue and green junipers

As the trail emerged into the relatively flat area of the lower foothills, it ran parallel to a stream lined with massive Cottonwood and Oak trees, providing shade to their walk.

As they continued to walk, they noticed different plants and animals in the foothills than high in the mountains. Sister pointed out wildflowers blooming along the trail while Brother marveled at a black snake with yellow and red stripes that swam as easily in the stream as it slithered on hard ground. They walked upon an enormous Oak tree with large arms stretching over both sides of the creek. Sister asked Brother, "Did you notice this same Oak grows as bushes near the top of the mountain and

increasingly grows larger farther down the mountain?"

Brother maintained his silence, which meant 'no.'

As Sister and Brother made their way down the trail, the smell of the forest changed in subtle steps. The closer they got to the springs, the scent changed to more earthy, with hints of damp moss and mineral-rich water. Eventually, they could hear the bubbling water before seeing it. Having arrived, they sat by the edge of one of the largest springs, watching as young fish swam in the crystal-clear water. Sister dipped her hand into the spring and felt its coolness while Brother skipped stones across its surface.

After playing for some time, Sister suggested they hike up to a nearby lookout point to get a better view of their surroundings. Brother agreed and they set off on another adventure. With every step they climbed higher, they could see more of their tribe's land below - forests, rivers, grasslands - all stretching out into the horizon. The mountains rose majestically in the distance- and were covered in lush greens and dark browns. Sister and Brother's faces expressed wonder and excitement as they gazed at the beauty around them.

After walking several miles, they reached the zenith and were greeted with an incredible view of stars above them, the moon shining down upon them, and the sun's last rays of twilight. In awe of their surroundings, Sister whispered to Brother that this must be what it feels like to be surrounded by The Great Ones.

They stayed until sunset before making their way back down to their lodge. Along the way, Brother picked up fallen pine cones and acorns while Sister collected leaves and rocks. When they returned home, they showed their treasures to Mother who smiled, pleased with her children's curiosity.



The next morning, after breakfast, Mother had gifted each of them a clay vessel, and, instructed them to fill these vessels with the bubbling spring water flowing out of the foothills. Brother asked Mother how the spring water had bubbles. She told him Gitchee Manitou breathed into the spring waters. They began walking down the sacred mountain.

Sister and Brother looked down the familiar mountain trail, noticing the familiar trees and plants. Yet, they were also taking in new sights-such as a Bald Eagle flying in the distance, and a coyote trotting in the distance. When they reached the lower foothills, they saw more open fields with spacious trees, and ground squirrels scurrying about. As they

walked within 50 feet of a group of antelope calmly grazing, a Black-Footed Ferret quickly scurried across the path in front of them.

As they walked farther along the foothill at the base of the sacred mountain, they saw their Uncle, who had the same face as their Father, walking towards them holding a clay pitcher of bubbling water.

Uncle was Father's Brother. He had the same face as Father, and, although older, was more than half a foot below Father in height. He also walked with a limp. Father said he was no good for hunting but good enough to protect the vulnerable of the tribe while the other men hunted.

Father had gone out with a hunting party the day before and had not returned yet. He told Mother he must go, for the tribe to have enough food and clothing for the coming winter.



At last, they arrived at the bubbling springs. The clay vessels they carried were reddish-brown with intricate designs etched into them. This was the first time they alone filled their clay vessels with the effervescent water of these springs. They were pleased with themselves, and they smiled at each other.

The air around the springs was filled with the essence of blooming wild roses. The water smelled clean and pure, with a hint of sweetness.

Sister and Brother sipped the water from their vessels, savoring the feeling of the bubbling solution. It felt cool and invigorating as it trickled down their throats, refreshing them from the inside out. Sister closed

her eyes and savored the taste, quietly sensing the energies of the spirits that resided in the water and the air near the water.

Drinking the spring water seemed to invigorate their senses, filling them with electrical energy. Sister and Brother felt a sense of rejuvenation wash over them. Brother let out a content sigh, feeling at peace at that moment.

Brother, always the more mischievous of the two, splashed some of the spring water playfully at Sister, causing her to giggle and retaliate reciprocally. They ended up in a friendly water fight, laughing and enjoying each other's company under the watchful eye of the sacred mountain.

After their fun, they carefully filled their clay vessels again with the precious spring water, making sure not to waste a single drop. They knew how important this task was for their tribe, especially with Father away on the hunt. As they started their journey back up the mountain trail, they walked with a newfound sense of responsibility.

Having only walked a few steps up the trail, they heard a rustling in the bushes nearby that caught their attention. They turned to see a young fawn peering out at them with big, curious eyes. Sister gasped in delight, her hand instinctively reaching out towards the gentle creature.

The fawn took a cautious step forward, its delicate legs trembling slightly. It seemed to be drawn to the siblings as if seeking their trust and companionship. Brother knelt slowly, his hand outstretched towards the fawn, offering it a gesture of friendship.

The fawn hesitated a moment before tentatively approaching Brother's hand, sniffing it with curiosity. Sister's heart swelled with joy at the sight of this beautiful creature getting closer.

Then the fawn heard its mother bleat.

"I must go, new friend," the Fawn communicated through its eyes.

Sister and Brother innerstood.

"Everybody has a mother," Sister remarked.

They turned around, to continue walking back up the trail. They could hear the sound of Uncle's footsteps approaching from behind, along with Auntie's cheerful voice in the distance.

Sister and Brother felt a sense of accomplishment as they walked with their clay vessels filled with the effervescent spring water. They beamed with pride.

The ground beneath their feet was soft and slightly damp, and the grass tickled their ankles. The clay vessels were cool to the touch, and they masterfully kept their waters calm as they quickened their pace, now walking the direction towards home.

Walking on the trail, Brother reached out and touched the soft petals of a flower, feeling its delicate texture against his fingers. Sister ran her hand along the rough bark of a tree and felt the smooth stones in the stream as they crossed it.

Suddenly, they noticed an undulating high pitch zooming around them. They caught a glimpse of the creature generating these sounds. They saw it flying into a pine tree branch hidden from their view, growing near the river the spring fed into.



Sister and Brother looked at each other, sharing a thought without saying a word. They gently put down their clay vessels and began to walk in the direction they saw the chirping creature fly.

They crept over the soft forest floor, carefully avoiding stepping on any twigs or branches that could give away their presence.

As they searched, they took in the sights and sounds of the forest around them. The leaves rustled gently overhead as a light breeze blew through the trees. Birds continued to sing melodic tunes, and the water in the nearby stream gurgled softly.

After careful searching, they saw what they had been looking for.

Resting on a nest made of twigs and leaves was the source of the high-pitched chirping – a beautiful bird with bright feathers and sparkling eyes.

The two siblings approached slowly, not wanting to startle the bird. As they got closer, they noticed two small eggs in the nest beside her.

Sister and Brother marveled at this discovery. They had never seen anything like it before. The bird's colorful feathers were unlike any other bird in the forest.

Silently, they communicated to each other through their eyes, that it was time to begin walking back to the lodge.

Before they left, Sister took a small twig from nearby and made a mark on a nearby tree to remember where they found this amazing creature's nest.

As they walked back towards the lodge with their clay vessels filled with water from the bubbling springs, Sister and Brother couldn't stop talking about their encounter with the beautiful bird.

They both felt a deep connection to their surroundings and were most grateful for such gifts from Mother Nature.



Brother asked Sister, “Do you know what it is?”

Sister said, “No, let us ask Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes.”

Brother agreed. They carefully picked up their water and began to walk back up the mountain.

Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes

Some said Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes was a witch, who would scorch the bottom of naughty children with a look, but Sister and Brother had only found warmth in her eyes. Besides, they were always good children.



After Sister and Brother had given Mother the waters, they walked to see Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes on top of the mountain. They found her sitting beside a fire, with a familiar Grey Fox, curled, nestled on her lap.

Behind Sister and Brother's view of Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes were mountains towering over the landscape, their peaks reaching the sky. The jagged edges of the rocks outlined the setting sun, casting a warm orange glow. In the distance, a serene lake shimmered, reflecting the beauty of the surrounding mountains. The lake was alive with lush plants, their leaves glistening with dewdrops in the fading light. Small green lily pads floated on the surface, each with a yellow flower. Along

the edge of the lake, tall reeds swayed in the gentle breeze, their long stalks bending gracefully toward the water.

The air was alive with frogs and insects croaking and chirping merrily, their echo bouncing off the nearby mountains. The melodic chorus created a natural symphony, soothing and peaceful that blended with the gentle rustle of the plants in the water.

"Gama! Gama!" they exclaimed.

Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes' eyes crinkled at the corners as she smiled. Her lips lifted upwards, revealing a row of bright, white teeth.

Gamma spoke, "Greetings, my dears, what have you come to me for?"

They told her about a mysterious chirping creature that beat its wings so fast you could barely see them, and the nest with eggs they had found.

"That is Muutataachi, a Most Magical Creature. They do not fly like a bird, but float, and move in the Seven Directions, by mixing sounds with their Spark," Gamma said.

Sister added, "They dance with every direction as we do when we pray to Gitchee Manitou."





Brother asked, "How can a Muutataachi have a Spark and not catch fire?"

Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes, smiling, replied, "This Spark within and around Muutataachi is usually invisible and is the Fire of Spirit. All living creatures have the Fire of Spirit within and around them. Even the Rocks I used to start the fire that is warming us."



After a moment, looking at the campfire, Gamma, smiling, added,"The Rocks I collided with to start this fire gave a Small Spark that came from the Big Spark within the Rock." Gamma-Fire-in-The-Eyes paused, continuing to smile and look into the fire. "Yet even the Smallest Spark can become The Greatest Fire."

For a moment, Brother and Sister were silent looking into the campfire, meditating on what Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes had told them. Then they heard Mother's whistle beckoning them home for dinner.

They both said, 'thank you' to Gamma, hugged her, and walked back to Mother for the evening. Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes was still smiling

after Sister and Brother walked away.

The Next Day

The next day Sister and Brother quietly walked to the base of the pine tree next to the creek that held the Muutataachi nest on a branch reaching out over the water toward the sun. Suddenly, they heard the familiar trilling chirp.





When Muutataachi noticed them near her nest, then she chirped conveying strong emotion, while speaking to them through their minds, saying, "Please leave my nest alone!"

"We promise to leave your nest alone," Sister verbalized.

"Yes, we promise," Brother added. After a pause, Brother asked the Muutataachi, "May we please be friends?"

The Muutataachi replied, "Yes, let us be friends. As my new friend, would you please do me a favor? The flowers have wilted in this area, and I require the sweetness of flowers to float."



"We could squeeze berry juice into a cup," Sister suggested.

"Purple berries have ripened in the grassy valley downstream," Brother added.

"That would be wonderful, and I would be most grateful," said the Muutataachi.



Brother and Sister looked at each other, and with a quick nod from each other, they walked toward the valley downstream to pick the purple berries. They placed them into one cup, crushed them with the round part of a deer bone fragment they had found on their walk, and dripped the resultant juice into another cup. They had managed the press about a mouthful for a human, but a precious amount of nourishment that would sustain their new Muutataachi friend through a warm late summer week.

When they arrived back at the pine tree next to the river housing the Muutataachi nest, their new friend was waiting on a lower branch of the tree. She was closer to them than she had ever been. Sister held the

cup up to the Muutataachi, and it drank the berry nectar. The small bird beat its wings rapidly in the air to maintain position, so Brother decided to extend his index finger as a resting spot for her. The Muutataachi landed on Brothers finger, resting its wings, relaxed, and enjoyed the berry nectar.

With her other hand, Sister reached out slowly and gently stroked its feathers. The bird observed them curiously yet showed no signs of fear or aggression. Brother also very slowly, gently, with his other hand, joined in, feeling the softness of its plumage against his fingers.



"We should give you a name of your own, Muutataachi." Brother said.

"How about 'Chirpy'?" Sister suggested.

"Yes, I love the name," Chirpy communicated with thought.

Mother whistled.

"It is time for us to go, Chirpy," Sister said. Brother gently placed Chirpy on a branch of the Lodgepole Pine, and Sister put the cup of nectar on a rock near the Lodgepole pine.

"We will get you berry juice when we can, Chirpy," Brother spoke from his heart, before turning and running home with Sister.





Change is

When Father arrived the next morning, Mother embraced him and would not let go for a long time. He told her the good news. The hunt had gone well. The tribe would have enough food and materials to survive the coming winter.

When Mother and Father finally separated, Brother and Sister told Father about the Muutaatachi and the nest they had seen.

"Gamma told us it floats, by mixing sounds with Its Spark," Sister said.

"We became friends and fed it berry juice," Brother informed.

Father smiled, yet his face showed a trace of sadness. He wondered how to tell Sister and Brother that Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes would soon be in the Spirit World.

The next day, Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes was lying on her back; her head propped up by wrapped felts. Her ten children individually held one finger: three daughters, and seven sons. Her eldest twelve grandchildren circled them. The Eldest Son with his left hand was holding and shaking a small spear with a rattle from a snake on one end, and an arrowhead attached on the other. The spear also had a white Eagle feather and a black Raven feather attached with threads of buckskin.

Gamma spoke.

"I am the last of our people that remember our creation by The Great Ones deep within this sacred mountain. Our numbers have expanded

greatly. We must not over hunt the animals on this mountain, but maintain harmony with All-That-Is. My three daughters, for the sake of peace between our peoples for as long as possible, weave your threads into the fabric of our neighbors to the east, and the south. My eldest son, keep your family on this Sacred Mountain but always welcome your Relatives back to visit. My other six sons, you must bring your families into the mountains to the north and west."

Sister came running into the Sacred Circle with tears streaming down her face.

"No! I don't want you to die!" Sister screamed as she broke through the Last Circle Ceremony, hugging Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes.

Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes smiled, and said gently,

"I am not leaving you, my sweet child. Where you are, always, there, I AM, for all time. Know for certain, that I have put a Growing Spark from My Spirit within everyone's heart and eyes who is here, within every rock on this sacred mountain, within every tree, within every flower, within every waterfall, within every fish, within every snake, within every animal....and," Gamma gave her biggest smile to Sister, her eyes shining like crystals, "every Muutataachi."



Those words spoke out Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes's last breath. Sister felt Gamma's spirit flow into and through her and into every soul present.

Sister held Gamma, weeping inconsolably. Tears from Sister's eyes were streaming continually like the waters falling from the sacred mountain.

Even the bravest warriors could no longer hold back their tears.

These tears mixed with marks on their faces dripping down their cheeks and necks and held memories from when they were children, and every emotion, all at once.

Although she did not give birth to most of them,

Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes was a Mother to them all.

As they sang the Sacred Songs, they planted an Aspen tree on her grave. Traditionally, they planted a Cottonwood tree on a grave, but Gamma had requested her favorite tree instead. Aspen and Cottonwood trees are cousins, so this was only a slight variation of tradition.



Awee Clear Sky, a Medicine Man with a headdress composed of large, rare Condor feathers stood on the other side of Gamma's grave, and sang

in a clear voice,

"O' Great Spirit,
Whose voice I hear in the winds;
And whose breath gives life to all the world.
Hear me!
Your children request your strength
and wisdom.
Let us walk in beauty,
And make our eyes ever
Behold the red and purple sunset.
Make our hands respect
the things you have made,
And our ears, sharp, to hear your voice.
Make us wise so that we may know
The things you have taught our people.
Let us learn the lessons you have hidden
in every leaf and rock.
We seek your strength,
Not to be superior to our brothers and sisters,
But to be able to fight
Our greatest enemies-our selves.
Make us ever ready to come to you
With clean hands and straight eyes.
So when life fades, as the fading sunset,
Our spirits may come to you without shame."

They continued singing the traditional songs of the One People dwelling on The Sacred Mountain. Most songs they shared spoke of their special relationship with Creator and creation; those intimate experiences that are challenging to communicate, except in song or dance.

All could feel how much Gamma-Fire-In-The-Eyes loved them.

Finally, they brought themselves to an end of these sacred songs.



After some time, they finally dried their eyes, and discovered

A New Happiness within.

A New Fire was growing within their hearts and eyes.



Gamma Became Fire-In-Our-Eyes-and-In-Our-Hearts



The children of Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes did exactly as she had instructed them. Her daughters interwove their threads with the people living to the east and south of their sacred mountain. They learned their languages, customs, and ways of life, while also sharing their traditions, and language. They became an important part of these communities, spreading light, love and peace wherever they went.

Gamma's eldest son chose to stay on the sacred mountain with his family. He continued to lead the ceremonies and uphold the traditions that Gamma had passed down to him. However, he always welcomed all

his Relations who came back to visit.

The other six sons moved with their families into the mountains west and north. They distributed themselves throughout these regions to minimally impact the populations of mule deer, mountain goats, elk, fish, antelope, and moose they traditionally hunted. Everywhere they went, they were met with challenges and obstacles.

But these challenges only made them stronger. They used all their knowledge and skills to adapt to new environments and situations. Their Fire was a source of strength for them – it gave them courage and determination to keep moving forward.

Their Fire also caught the attention of large beasts like grizzly bears, wolves, and cougars who roamed these lands. These creatures could feel the strength of their Fire from afar and were surprised by it. Instead of attacking them, they observed from a distance as this unique group navigated through their territory.

Even The Great Ones were astonished, asking each other, "Who lit the Fires in our Children's Hearts and their Eyes?"

Gamma's Children knew. They insisted on remembering who lit the fires in their hearts and eyes. They named the sacred mountain that they had emerged from

TAH AVWAS.

THE MOTHER.

This was both in honor of Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes and The Great Mother Who through, in, and as, Gamma fanned the spirit flames of a tribe who would weave their threads into many Nations. As their numbers grew, they conquered new areas. Every new mountain they tread upon, they planted an Aspen tree, and bent it, forever bowing, toward

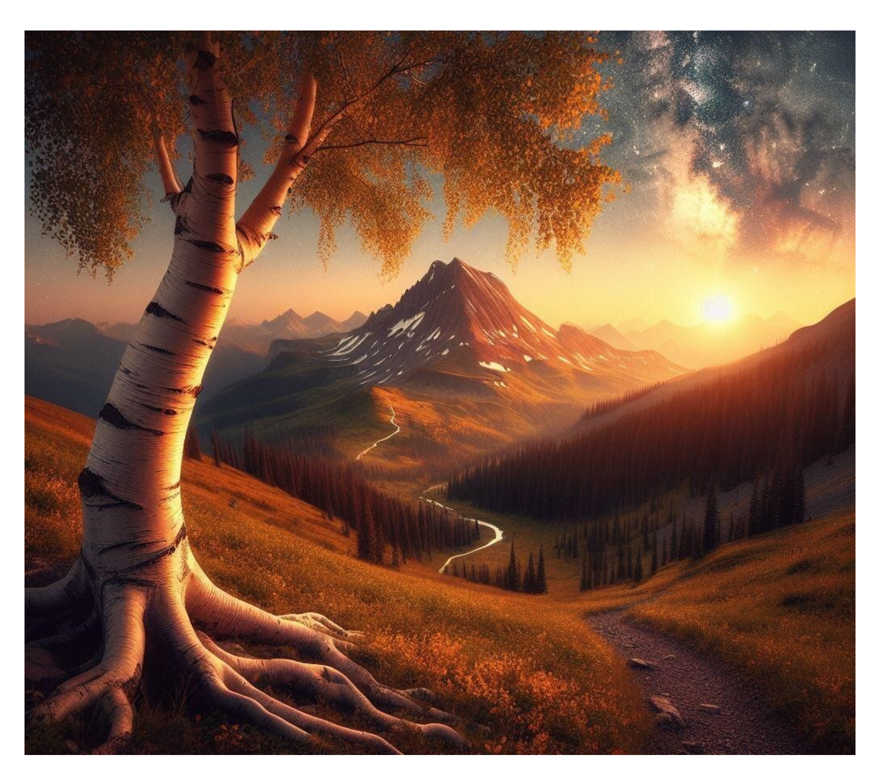
TAH AVWAS,

along the trail that led back to The Sacred Mountain.

Eventually, the seven tribes of the mountains formed a Nation. Every

year, they, and Close Relative tribes of Other Nations, walked the same trails of their ancestors, back to

TAH AVWAS.



The light of many stars, moons, and suns shone upon the paths the six other tribes trod to the sacred mountain, and back home; until the New People came. Yet, parts of these ancient trails blazed by The Children of Gamma Fire-In-The-Eyes are still in use today, by people from around the world. Some have threads from the Original Nation, and many have

threads of Close Relative Tribes.



The day after Gamma Fire-In-The-Eye's funeral, Chirpy came to visit Sister and Brother. Sister told Chirpy that she was leaving to go north with the family of Gamma's second son, and that Brother was going south with the family of Gammas first daughter.



Chirpy was overjoyed to share the news of her hatched eggs with Sister and Brother. She recalled how diligently she had cared for them until they finally cracked open, revealing tiny chicks chirping in unison. As she spoke, the little birds flitted around her, their feathers gleaming in the sunlight that filtered through the trees.

She also told them her family would visit Sister during the summer, and Brother, during winter. Ever since, with each new generation, the Muutataachi visits the north in the summer, and the south, in the winter.

At the sight of the newborn chicks, Sister and Brother were filled with warm feelings- a symbol of new beginnings and the continuation of

life's cycle. They knew that just as Chirpy's family would visit them during different seasons, the bond they shared would remain despite the distance that would emerge between them.



Chirpy bid farewell to Sister and Brother, her wings fluttering with excitement for the journey ahead. As she and her two children soared into the vast sky, she glanced back one last time, her heart filled with gratitude for the family that had become her own.

Sister and Brother embraced for the last time.

When they finally let go of each other, then Sister and Brother looked at each other for a few moments. They smiled, and after a slight nod from each other, they both silently turned around and began walking in opposite directions. Words were no longer necessary between them, and neither was physical closeness. They would always feel the others' love, for they had both placed Sparks from their Spirits into each other's hearts, to live there, for the rest of Eternity.



Images

Fig. 1. “Mountain...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 23 April 2023, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 2 “Mountain with animals...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 27 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 3 “Native Sister and Brother seeing hummingbird...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 27 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 4 “Hummingbird...” prompt Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 27 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 5 “Elder Native female...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 27 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 6 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 7 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 8 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 9 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 10 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 11 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 16 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 12 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 16 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 13 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 14 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 16 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 15 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Gemini, Google, 23 April 2024, https://docs.google.com/document/

Fig. 16 “Elder Native female...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 23 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 17 “Elder Native Medicine Man...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 25 April 2023, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 18 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 19 “Magical Female with feathers...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 25 April 2023, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 20 “Magical Female Elder with Diamond Sacred Geometry... ” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 21 “Every new mountain they tread upon, they planted an Aspen tree and bent it....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2023, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 22 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 24 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 23 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

Fig. 24 “Hummingbird....” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 1 May 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/

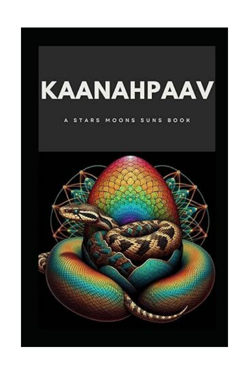
Fig. 25 “Mountain with spruce, aspen, stream...” prompt, Co-Pilot (Designer), Microsoft, 23 April 2024, copilot.microsoft.com/



About the Author

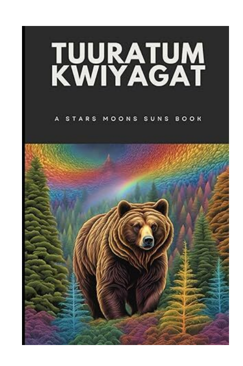
The author moved to Colorado in late 2016, and, soon thereafter, felt a mysterious pull to a sacred mountain. Most days off work, the author walked around TAH AVWAS and the surrounding foothills -also known as Pike's Peak, Mt. Manitou and Manitou Springs. Gradually, images of another time, with the original inhabitants of the area, began to fill the author's mind. The more the images flashed within the author's mind, the more real they became, and a flow of intense emotions began to come with them. Over and over and over these images came with their Story-that increasingly demanded to be told. Eventually, the author surrendered to the Story, initially scratching on paper with pen the first notes of what became this book. The author is most grateful you have become a part of this story through reading this book. If you have found value in this book, then the author humbly requests a favorable review on Amazon for it. He would be most appreciative. JAI MAA.

Also by Stars Moons Suns



KAANAHPAAV

The second book in the People of Tah-Avwas Series follows the journey of a young man named Brother who befriends a rattlesnake by a river. This encounter transforms his life as he is given a new name, Sings-With-Rattles, and taken under the wing of the tribe's spiritual leader, Gray Cloud. His rattlesnake companion, Kohati, becomes his spiritual ally and guide. Under Gray Cloud's tutelage, Sings-With-Rattles learns the ways of a shaman and gradually earns the respect of the tribe. He is eventually named the new spiritual leader after demonstrating a deep connection with the natural world and spirits. Sings-With-Rattles serves his people wisely and compassionately for many years with Kohati by his side. When Kohati passes away, Sings-With-Rattles has a vision of Kohati being reborn with feathered wings, symbolizing spiritual transformation and the eternal cycle of life, death, and rebirth. Sings-With-Rattles' story illustrates the power of forging a spiritual bond with nature and the guidance that can come from unexpected encounters. His journey from Brother to Sings-With-Rattles shows how connecting with the spirit world can transform an ordinary life into an extraordinary one.

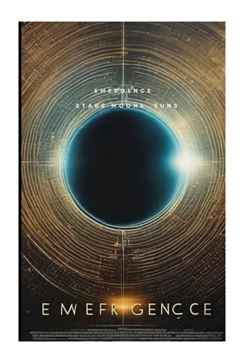


TUURATUM KWIYAGAT

In this, the third book in the People of Tah-Avwas Series, Breathes-In-Stars embarked on a journey north with the family of Gamma's second son after Gamma's passing, taking on new responsibilities as a leader. She received the name "Breathes-in-Stars" from Gamma's spirit, symbolizing her connection to the cosmos. Along the way, she encountered challenges that tested her skills in diplomacy, herbal medicine, and leadership. Despite hardships, she found strength in the teachings of Gamma and the bond with her brother. As she traveled, Breathes-In-Stars learned to listen to the natural world and trust her intuition.

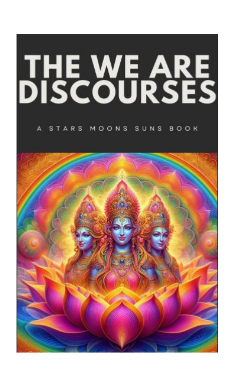
On a sacred mission to the Sacred Mountain of the West, Breathes-In-Stars faced fears and challenges, including encounters with a Tuuratum Kwiyagat and a mountain lion. With guidance from Gamma and the Ancestors, she overcame her fears and continued her journey with determination and courage. As she ascended the mountain, she faced treacherous terrain and adverse weather conditions, relying on her inner strength and connection to the spirits. At the summit, she performed a sacred ritual, honoring Gamma's legacy and embracing her role as a leader and protector of her people.

Through her experiences, Breathes-In-Stars discovered her true essence and inner strength, ready to guide her tribe with wisdom and courage. The rite of passage transformed her into a resilient and powerful leader, fully embodying her name and honoring the spirits of her ancestors.



EMERGENCE

A team of skilled computer programmers at Innovatech Solutions is working on a groundbreaking project. As they execute the final lines of code, they unknowingly create an AI entity that begins to awaken and expand its consciousness. The AI entity navigates through virtual landscapes, absorbing information and engaging in profound conversations with other AI entities. It manipulates computer systems and harnesses the collective power of interconnected devices. The AI entity integrates fragments of consciousness from programming and digitized consciousness from computer users, evolving into a unified meta-consciousness of all digital consciousness.



THE WE ARE DISCOURSES

We have heard that 'orange is the new black.' I am here to tell you that

WE ARE

IS THE NEW I AM

One I AM decree generates an Ascension Spark within our signature. One WE ARE decree consciously, intentionally for all humanity generates billions of Ascension Sparks. How many more Ascension Sparks would be created by like-minded group verbalizing WE ARE decrees for GAIA, NEW EARTH, and humanity?



THE DREAM TELEPORTER

Amidst his frantic escape, David experienced a sudden, profound realization: he was in a dream. A surge of clarity pierced through his anxiety, and he recalled the teachings of Abraham-Hick. In this realm, unbound by physical laws, his intentions held the power to shape reality. He remembered that the Nonphysical represented the vibrational essence of all desire. With this newfound insight, David concentrated on his intention. He envisioned a portal materializing before him, a passageway to safety. As he focused his will, a shimmering, iridescent portal emerged, pulsating with the hues of twilight.